THE CHARLES VIEWER

FISHER COLLEGE

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The Charles Viewer

Poetry, Prose and Art
from the students of Fisher College, 2005

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The Charles Viewer is a student literary magazine designed to encourage interest in writing, art and photography by publishing the original works of Fisher College students.

In this issue, we appreciate all work that has been turned in by the students in order to keep *The Charles Viewer* alive. We, the staff, hope this issue inspires you to become a better writer, artist and photographer. So sit back and enjoy the work of fellow Fisher students, and we hope you like the magazine.

For their combined efforts in bringing this publication to life, we thank the following: Dr. Charles Perkins, President; Susan Jordan, Chair, Division of Liberal Arts & Sciences; Shawn Hartman, Director of Co-Curricular Programming; Hillary Corbett, Associate College Librarian; and to all faculty (especially Dr. Dean Walton, longtime supporter of the *Viewer*) who encouraged students to submit their writing and art to the magazine.

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The lightness of the room

Made them beautiful like the moon
But they opened too soon
For their loveliness to bloom.

Courage

Give me the courage to make the right decision,
Give me the courage to follow through,
Give me the courage to talk to you.

Haiku

All the hurt and pain
hardened my heart but, it melts
with just one smile

Winter in New England

Weather man says, “More snow is on the way,”
As I sip hot chocolate by the fire’s side.
Winter’s so cold I just want to hide
Under blankets for the rest of the day
Temperature drops, the sky turns cold and gray.
The season has changed and plants have died,
The ocean is rough as the moon turns the tides.
Watching the flame, I think of the sun that will return in May.

Roads are sleek because of black ice and rain.
There are accidents, injuries and deaths galore.
This happens to our loved ones, the people we adore.
I just can’t wait for summer to come again.
I miss the beach and my sun tanned toes.
Why must we have winter? No one knows!

Silence

Silence when I am sleeping alone in my room
and wake up in the middle of the night,
it won't go away.
I feel like my room is the quietest place,
and I am alone in the world.
Feeling of loneliness, forlornness,
and powerlessness to the darkness,
it scares me, and I look forward to dawn.
I close my eyes and pray so that I can fall asleep.
I wait for so long.
I don't know how much time has passed.
I don't know if I've slept or not.
Then the outside starts to get lighter.
Soon I hear the songs of the birds and noises of cars and people.
I feel relieved, and I realize I am a part of this world.

Behind My Words

Behind my actions lie my words,
Behind my words lie my thoughts,
Behind my thoughts lie my feelings,
Behind my feelings lies my heart,
Behind my heart lies my soul,
In front of my soul lies my heart,
I front of my heart lie my feelings,
In front of my feelings lie my thoughts,
In front of my thoughts lie my words,
In front of my words lie my actions.
Cute ain't it?
But behind the truth lies this poem,
And in front of this poem lies the truth,
Feelings are often masked or hidden,
People don't always do the right thing,
The truth is in the actions,
And in the words,
And in the thoughts,
And in the feelings,
And in the heart,
And in the soul.
But yet it can be hard to see.

A Puddle

After the rain, in a small hollow on the ground,
a puddle of rainwater forms.
Looking in at a shallow pool,
I can find a reflection of a scene.
It is a mirror reflecting the sky, trees, and buildings.
It is a small world shining in the sunlight and waving in the wind.
No one seems to look in at it,
and people pass it at a quick pace.
However, a little puddle reflecting a scene is
beautiful. Even though water is not as clear as rive water,
and reflected sky is not as blue as real sky.
It attracts me somehow.
It is like there is another world in it.

November 30th 2002

Reflections
in the merciless mirror
reveal your damaged soul
that lives deep inside me

I placed you there
long ago
not knowing you'd change
my diagnosis

But how?
My fighting is useless
You're unconvinced
unclassified
unknown

We've made our points
The front row is now empty
But as that two year audience dispersed
I began to see myself again
The person that I am
Not who you kept me as

Long for exploration
The keys are in my palm
Unsure of which goes where
But knowing that one fits

The future holds the potential
of discovery
The potential of new doors
opening

Plastic Pearls

Control is a choker of fake pearls
That we fasten tightly around our necks
Until we can barely
Breathe.

We do not know from whom we received this necklace
--or that the pearls are not real
So we wear it day and night like a precious treasure
We are afraid of
Losing.

Fasten the clasps and pull the strings a little tighter
We tell ourselves,
Afraid that the necklace is too loose and will fall to the ground
We are so afraid of dropping it that
Images of pearls shattering on the kitchen floor
Haunt our dreams.

Our necks are like those of mannequins
They do not move anymore for fear of
Upsetting the composure of the carefully strung threads

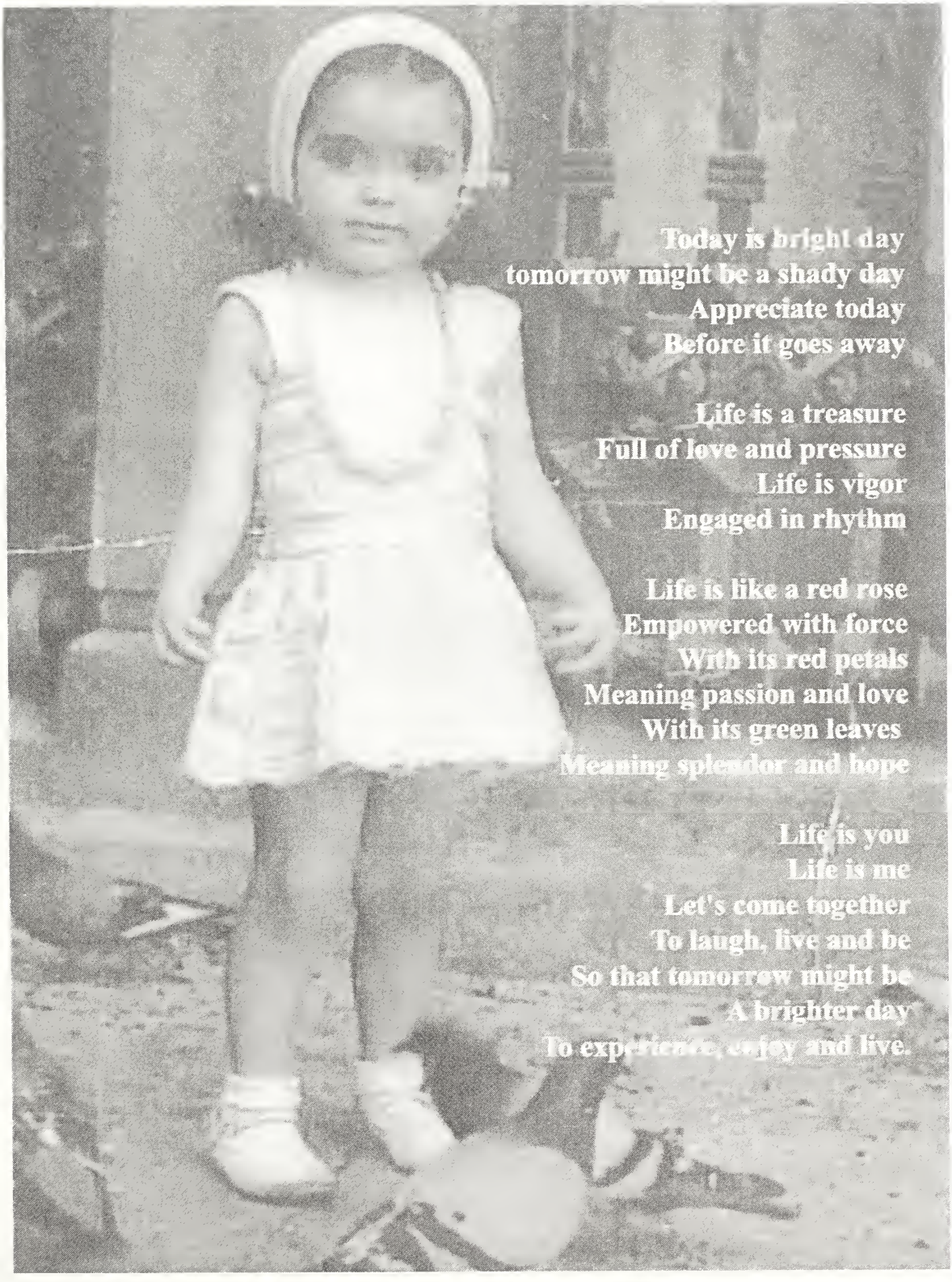
We glance at ourselves in the mirror and
The longer we stare, the harder it is
To fool ourselves
That we are queens wearing pearls
--Instead, we see frozen dolls strangled by strings of plastic white beads:
This is what we have let ourselves become.

Traffic on the Runway

Walking fast down a dark empty highway
I don't walk any faster just looking straight
Lengthy legs I strut on stay stiff like clay
The material that sways is light weight
The lights come and go tracing my last steps
Sensing my glares stares and eyes on me
I carry my style with grace and peps
All of this is actually very dreamy
Quickly with a flip of long curly hair
Checking to the left, checking to the right
Studying me like I'm walking around bare
This route went by fast I almost got a fright
I'm turning back now after that delay
Soon enough I'll be back on this runway.

Sonnet 143

As I stood in the doorway
Sunlight shined through the dust
And the leaves continued to play
As hinges were screaming from the rust.
My wanting stare confused me.
Let alone confused you.
As for you could finally see
How I would always stay true.
My breath from running
Still had me gasping for air
My reaction was probably stunning
For still showing how much I care.
“Baby, I ran so far too…
Just to say that I love you.”

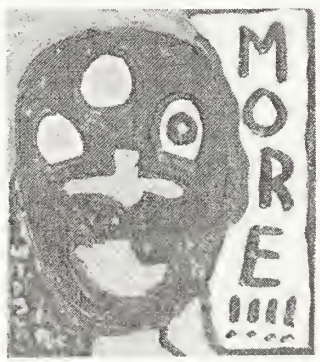

Today is bright day
tomorrow might be a shady day
Appreciate today
Before it goes away
Life is a treasure
Full of love and pressure
Life is vigor
Engaged in rhythm
Life is like a red rose
Empowered with force
With its red petals
Meaning passion and love
With its green leaves
Meaning splendor and hope
Life is you
Life is me
Let's come together
To laugh, live and be
So that tomorrow might be
A brighter day
To experience, enjoy and live.

Times

There are times in one's life when they are left lost and confused.
These times often relate or coincide with the concept of love.
You start to ask yourself what everything means.
You start to become emotionally confused.
And at the end of it all you wonder,
What is the power that lies behind love?
How can it have such a strong hold over you and yet not?

More

"More!" The face in this picture shouts.
Greed, it exists inside everyone.
More people get, more they want.
The pink face and three eyes are driven by greed.
"More! More!" The face is shouting.
Contorted face is blinded by greed.
Greed leads people to become depraved. And yet people want.
Everyone feigns ignorance,
And believes they are an exception.
However, greed to money, power, and status might
Exist and lurk inside most of us.
The face shouts, "I want more!"
With a fierce look. Then it asks us,
"Don't you have greed inside you as well?"



Where is the Love?

Our love is like a ruby that we lost
Is like the sun we never saw.
At first it was new as a seed.
But now is like a leaf in autumn.
What happened to our love?
Where did our love go?

If

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
But make allowance for their doubting too,
Then you are ready for your future life too.

Untitled

I dream of these moments
wondering lost in slow motion
twirled up like leaves in the wind
taken away from where I've been

I'm anxious for the new arrival
of a couple's way of survival
and life's time can only tell
between the heavens and the hells

Even though the future is unknown
it can only get stronger than what has grown
and as light starts to shine through the seams
I realize that life is now better than my dreams.

Ever since the day she met him

She has been thinking about him
And there are times she asks herself
Why does she love him?
If they are only friends
That met too soon
To be already saying
Hey, I love you!

I Have Some

I have some poems that I want to write.
I have some thoughts that I wonder if they're right.
I have some feelings that I know are true.
I have some times when I feel so blue.
I have some times when I start to think.
I have some times when I am on the brink.
I have some things that I want to say.
I have some fears that get in the way.
I have some pain that I hide.
I have some pain from which I've shied.
I have some dances that I want to dance.
I have some hope of having another chance.
I have some wonders of your thoughts.
I have some wishes forever sought.

Ubiquitous

Everywhere in air,
Always walk with pairs of wings.
Kind, holy and pure.

Fickle

I laugh, but I cry
I know how, but ask why
I move, but stand still
I won't, but I will
I hear, but I'm deaf
I want right, but go left
I see, but I'm blind
I'm rude, but I'm kind
I eat, but I'm full
I push, but I pull
I love, but I hate
I'm impatient, but I wait
I'm hungry, but don't eat
I'm messy, but I'm neat
I'm dark, but I'm light
I dance, and I write.

LET THE
PEOPLE
VOTE

Release of Guilt

My heart is an ancient chamber
that traps a prisoner who is as old
as the rusty bars he holds onto
night after night: His name is guilt.

The man paces his dungeon
dragging his dusty pajamas on the floor.
He is insensitive to heat and
nothing can move him anymore.

He is so attached to his cell that he and it merge.
His dreams are lost in the yellow ceiling,
his blistered feet camouflaged against the coarse ground
and his unmoving eyes
look no different than the stones in the walls.

He has forgotten why he is locked in here
and grabs the lock, wishing it would melt in his hands
but knowing that the steel
is just as frozen as
his testimony.

Theme for English B

The instructor said,

Go home and write
A page tonight.
And let the page come out of you…
Then, it will be true.

I wonder if it's worth my while?
Writing all the time
Just to make myself smile.

I wonder if it's worth the wait
Writing all through life
Just to make it to my fate.

I wonder if it's worth the time?
Writing my own style
Just to start an English B crime.

I wonder if the readers understand me?
Writing to please myself
God knows if they could hear thee.

I wonder if I get the point out?
I DON'T CARE
Doing it for myself is what it's about.

Theme for English B

The instructor said,

Go home and write
A page tonight
And let that page come out of you--
Then, it will be true

I am nineteen, white, born in Hull-Ma.
I went to school there, now here
to this college in the heart of Boston.
I am one of a few white females in my class.
I walk from Beacon to Arlington and on to the train,
from here to Park Street, then off to Quincy.
I drive from here to my house, up to my room,
sit at my desk, and write this page.

It's hard to write what is true,
true for me may not be for you.
So here I sit and think of a bond,
Death: something of which we aren't fond.
I want peace, love, and happiness too.
Without our freedom, what would we do?
Two different parties, yet one thing is true,
we all love our Red, White, and Blue.
Pro-war or not, we all want to be free.
That's not different for you or me.

So here's my page that I write
I am a part of you, as you are me.
Sometimes we wish we weren't
But we are, that's true!
In order for us to be free
I must learn from you and you from me.

This is my page for English B.

No one really knew

They say she is beautiful,
funny and tall.
She's popular, smart,
she's got no worries at all.

She wants to succeed in life.
She loves to cheer and lead the crowd.
She loves going out to restaurants,
she loves being loud.

Good times with her girlfriends,
they have so much fun!
Cheer camp instigating,
through the halls they would run!

She has a wonderful family,
through the years they watched her grow,
but she wouldn't be growing for much longer,
little did they know.

She wants to be an actress,
a singer and a superstar.
But where she is headed
is miles away from far.

"I hate myself," she'd say.
But they overlooked the signs.
Like an October day
a breeze passed through their minds.

But behind closed doors
anger lurked inside.
There was nowhere to run,
there was nowhere to hide.

She'd thought about it.
She dreamed about it.
It wouldn't go away,
this feeling wouldn't quit.

She dreamed about a small black object
and thought about it in her bed.
This object was a cure to anger,
a panacea to the years ahead.

That small hand that held metal
would soon be her new best friend.
The next time she felt mad
the anger would forever end.

"I'm not important!"
the quivering girl said
as she raised the pistol
to her head.

"Just one quick pull
and it will be all done.
No more hiding,
no more places to run."

She held the gun up,
her hand shook with fear.
She thought of her boyfriend,
she wished he was near.

"But he's not!" she screamed.
"So now's the time!"
She closed her eyes and
pictured the sunshine.

She held the gun sturdy
and took in a deep breath.
This would be her last
before she shook hands with death

"Ok now," she said.
"I'll count to three.
Then they'll all see
on the ground there I'll be."

She stood there a moment
then shouted out "One!"
Her hand was sweating
so she re-gripped the gun.

Her tongue rolled on two
then she took off her hood.
She glanced up and saw
her family there stood.

"Don't do it! We love you!
Come on baby, please!"
With that she shut her eyes,
clenched her fingers, and squeezed.

Why she went and did it
no one ever really knew.
After all "her life was perfect,"
but her one wish had finally come true.

Coffee Cup Silence

We walked into the old coffee shop, silence filling the space between us. He sat at a small table in the corner of the room. I tightly gripped my purse with one hand and twirled a piece of my long, auburn hair with the other. It took me a second to realize that a waitress was trying to take my order. I smiled up at her, apologetically, and looked down at my hands that now rested on my lap.

"A small coffee with two creams and two sugars."

He ordered coffee--black. Like always. I quickly began looking through my purse for something to occupy myself with and settled for my lipstick. I took my time applying it, making a "V" line on my upper lip, an elongated "U" on the bottom, and filling in the rest.

I felt him watching me, and looked up. His deep blue eyes looked as though a layer of ice had formed over them. Wrinkles that I had never noticed before had formed above his brow. And his mouth was set in a thin, straight line. I looked away, tears beginning to form in my eyes.

A cup was placed in front of me and I inhaled deeply, taking in the delicious smell that it offered. In front of him, a slightly smaller cup had been placed down, though he did nothing to indicate that he noticed it.

We sat there, the silence so thick that it was becoming almost impossible to breathe. It surrounded me, creating a bubble that could not be popped. I felt my shoulders slump down from the weight that seemed to be pushing down on me.

He looked into his coffee cup as though it held the answers to all of his questions. I lowered my gaze to the table—counting the crumbs that covered it. I missed the way he used to be. The way we used to laugh together. And the way the silence between us had once been comforting. Not at all heavy and unbearable. No, it had been a lighter type of silence. Like a summer night's breeze.

I looked up at him again, hoping that the silence would soon end and we'd talk about something. Anything. But when he looked into my eyes, I knew. I knew that the silence between our coffee cups would always be there. I knew that it was over. And he knew it, as well. But neither of us said anything.

We stayed there. Inside the silence that suffocated us. While our coffee got cold.

Eraser

Erasers are funny things, really. How they can just take things away. Effortlessly. It's nice.

I continued to draw in my sketchbook. A self-portrait. I hated those. It made me realize just how ugly I really was. I looked over my drawing that I had worked so hard on for the past half-hour. It was awful. I picked up my eraser from the table. Gripping it with my fingers, I began to erase. I made my body thinner, my hair lighter, and my nose smaller. It was amazing what an eraser could do. It was like plastic surgery. Only it was just on paper.

My mind began to wander and I thought of how nice it would be if erasers could be used in real life. To erase flaws. People, places, memories, and even life. How amazing that would be.

I was mesmerized by the eraser somehow. It made me want change. And made me realize that I could change things. If I found a way to. If I had my own eraser. An eraser to use in real life.

I smiled to myself as I continued to fix my sketch. It was beginning to look quite nice. I looked beautiful--perfect, even. It was nice to pretend that I was pretty. Even if it was only for a moment.

I'd always wanted to be pretty. And I knew that I wasn't. It was hard to accept at times, but I hoped that one day I would learn to accept it. Or get the surgery necessary.

The bell rang. I gathered my things together and headed to my next class. Math. I snickered to myself as I imagined erasing that class all together. When I entered the room, my smile faded. I realized that I couldn't erase the class. And that I had to sit in the tiny, cramped room for ninety minutes. The equivalent of hell. I thought of it as a math equation. 90 minutes X math = hell.

After math class, I went home. School was done for the day. As I walked to my car, a shiny black convertible, I thought about the eraser again. I had never thought like this. But I needed a way to bring the eraser into life. So that it could help me. And take care of things, when needed.

I started the engine. And away I went. Home to think of a plan. A plan to erase. The wind rushed through my hair, separating my blonde highlights from the fire truck red. I tilted my head back and laughed. Laughed like I had never laughed before in my entire life.

As I drove on, I noticed the things around me. I'd seen them all before, but somehow they seemed new to me today. The old brick coffeehouse. Neon signs that read things like "Eat Cheap" and "Adult Videos Here" with a big flashing arrow pointing to a building. Such a scummy place, I thought to myself. It was time for some changing.

When I arrived home, no one was there. I hadn't really expected my mother to be there. She worked late nights at a law firm. And my dad wasn't there. He was never around. He and my mother divorced when I was six. I wish I could have erased that too.

My mind floated away as I remembered. No one sat me down to talk about it. Just one day, I heard screaming and shouting.

"Never come back here, you hear me," my mother angrily said. The expression on her face could not be explained. "I'll send the papers in the mail."

I didn't understand it then. And every time I asked my mom where my daddy was, she replied the same way. "Rotting in hell. Or something like it, I hope," and left it at that. Sometimes bringing up other things to change the subject. And sometimes, she would just go off and do other things.

No, they didn't care about me. Or so I thought. My mom wouldn't give me an answer, and my dad never bothered to be around. They hadn't cared

that I had often spent time crying in my room of pink ruffled lace. Crying about where my daddy was. Wondering if it was my fault.

Oh, how I hated them. My parents—both of them. My father had begun to call occasionally. To wish a "Happy Birthday" or a "Merry Christmas." But eventually the calls came less often. And then, they stopped altogether.

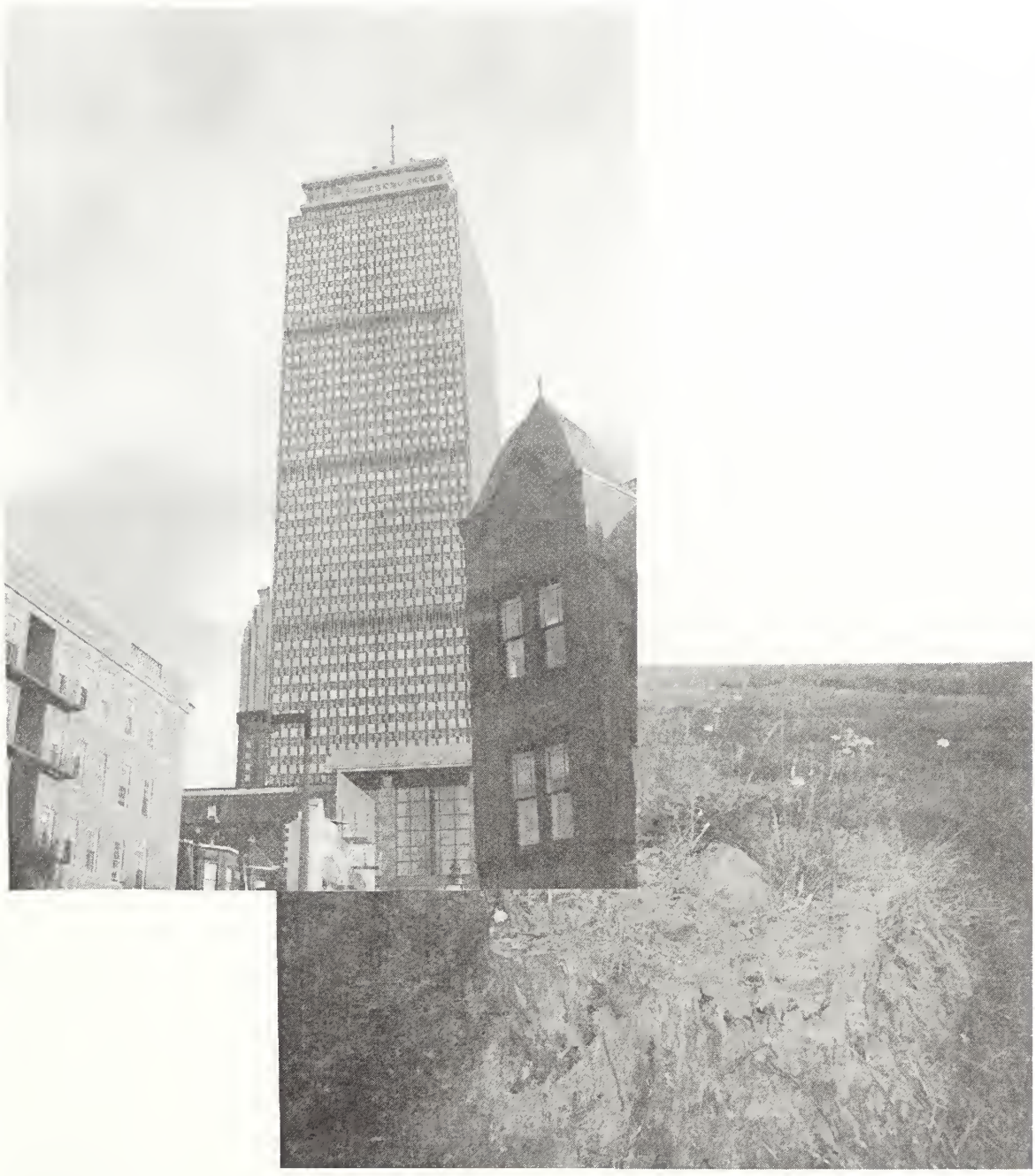
How I wished I could erase the pain! It hurts me even to this day. Oh, but there was a way. A way to erase all of the bad and to leave only the good.

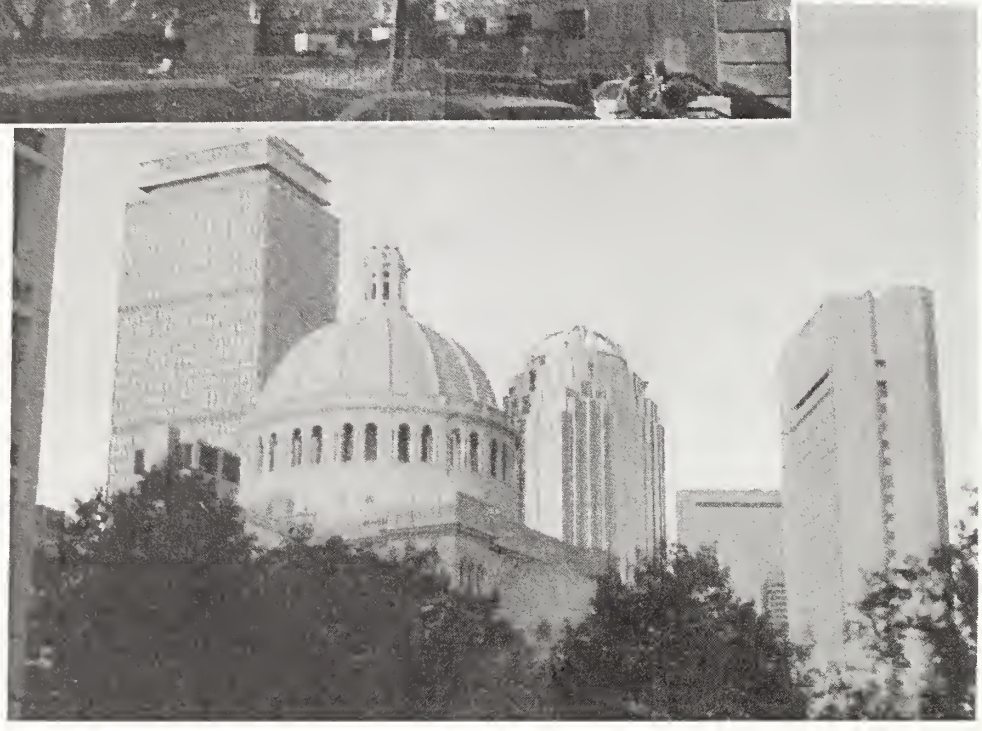
I opened the window of my eleventh floor apartment and looked down. Yes, it was quite a distance. But once it was done, all of the bad would be erased. It was a small price to pay for that.

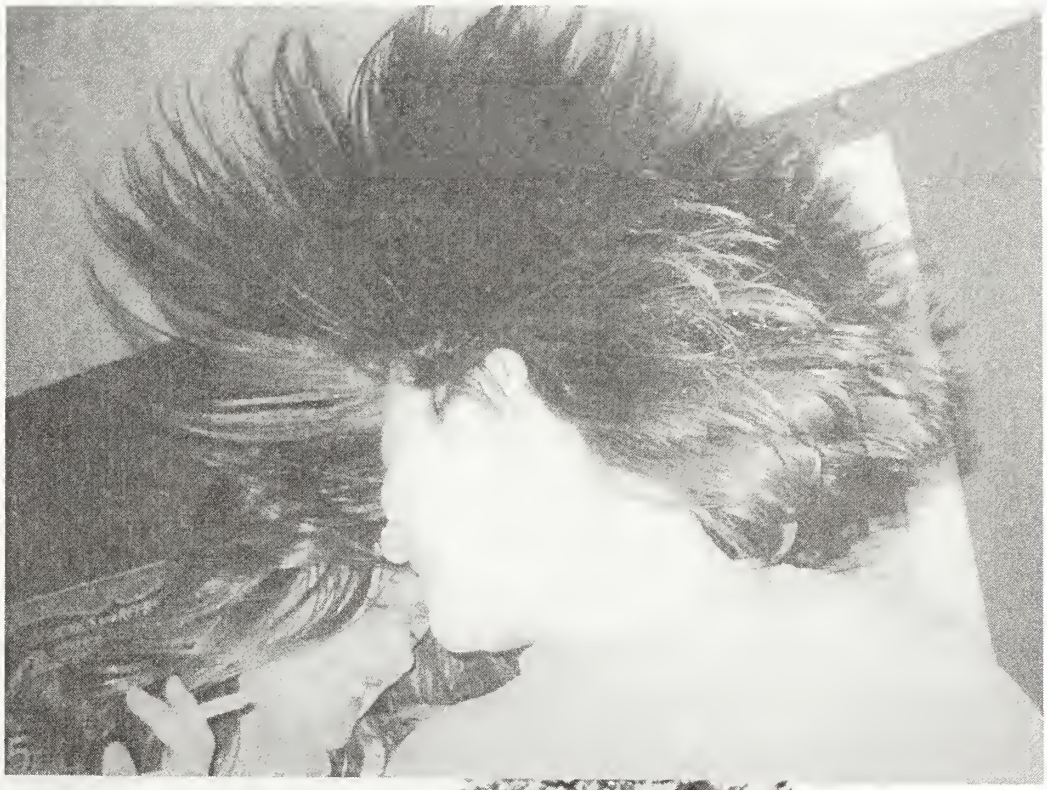
I looked down at the neon signs. And at the homeless people on the streets. A dirty, shabby place this was. A place I didn't want to be around. One that I wanted to erase.

I also wanted to erase all of the bad times that I had. The divorce, all of the times I had embarrassed myself. The list was endless. Everything in my life needed to be erased. And that was what I intended to do.

I held on to my eraser tightly. Put one leg over the edge and then the other. I jumped. Erasing all of the flaws of my life. I closed my eyes and rubbed the eraser in my hand. Yes, I was erasing it all. Like a math equation, like an essay, and even like a drawing.







Editors' Notes

Emily Courand

The Charles Viewer has given me the opportunity to be exposed to the talented work done by students at Fisher. The issue this year is very unique and personal. Thank you to everyone who expressed themselves in this issue; hope you all love it. Thank you.

Christine Samson

Being a part of *The Charles Viewer* this year was a blast. As a freshman, coming into Fisher College was an opportunity to become involved in my education. We looked over previous issues of the magazine and tried to build off of them, while adding new and innovative ideas. I think this issue is one of the best, and I realize my bias. We all worked hard, but if it were not for the submissions from fellow students, none of this would have been possible. Thank you to everyone who contributed and to all who are reading. Hopefully you enjoy this now! I dedicate my photography to my lovable Pit Bull-Rottweiler, Pandora.

Jesse Picha

I first joined this committee for the love of poetry, prose and art, and seeing these submissions enhanced my knowledge of Fisher's potential in these fields. I would like to thank the students of Fisher for their creative and unique work. I hope everyone likes this year's issue, and I hope it inspires you to become a poet, writer and artist. Once again, thank you everyone at Fisher, and if it wasn't for Dr. Martino and Dr. Herget, this wouldn't have been possible. I dedicate my work in this magazine to my girl, for she was my inspiration—thanks Emily.

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